

5-4-1913

## Letter from Mary Rosa, Rockport, Massachusetts, to her mother, 1913 May 4

Mary Rosa

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Straitsmouth Inn, Rockport.

4 May, 1913.

Dear Mother:

I'm doing what is the ideal thing to do, - sitting in front of a blazing wood fire. Perhaps I ought to be out doors, but the fire is so inviting that I just can't leave it. Everybody else is out on the rocks, with pillows, coats and rugs, but I haven't anything real warm to take out. I didn't realize what I was coming to, or I would have brought my heavy coat. Next time I'll know better.

This is certainly the most wonderful place. We're on a point of land with water on three sides, and beautiful blue sky all above.

Just at this point I stopped and went for a four-mile walk, so I feel much better. I think this excursion is going to do me lots of good.

Rockport is a few miles north of Gloucester. I don't know much about the geography of it, but you can look it up. We (some of us) came to Gloucester on the boat from Boston, which was a very delightful three hours' ride. There we took the trolley to Rockport. We got here in time for supper, and ready for it too! There are forty of us, and we have the whole house (which is a summer hotel) to ourselves. It's a wonderful house, and as for views! and fresh air!

Most of the crowd went sailing this morning, but I couldn't forget my bringing-up long enough to go, although



I wanted to very much, as the water was rough and some were sick.

We just had our regular vesper service, which seemed nice although we weren't in the regular place.

It seems cruel to think of going back, but I ~~feel~~ fear I shall have to take the 7 A.M. train in order not to miss Miss Bates' class. However, I'm very glad I came. The only thing to mar it has been that one of the girls sprained her ankle this morning on the rocks. I am rooming with Mildred Smith and Virginia Moffat.

To-morrow afternoon we have orchestra practise and in the evening, the ~~concert~~ <sup>concert</sup>. I'll be glad when that is over and we don't have to go any more.

What do you suppose we are going to

have this week? Forensic burning! But  
for only one day, that is, part of a day (Thursday).  
I don't know the plans very well.

May Day was about as usual  
yesterday, but very warm. I didn't get  
up in time to see the scrubbing of the  
doughnut at 6 a.m., but saw the  
hoop-rolling etc.

This isn't the time nor the place to  
write letters (7 p.m.) There is too much  
going on. We have sung so much at  
meals that I don't know what the  
neighbors must think of us.

With much love,

Mary.

Wellesley, Monday p.m.

I didn't have a chance to mail this anywhere  
this morning. Took the seven o'clock train  
and got here at ten. Must study now for quiz  
to-morrow. So glad to have your letter.  
Mary.